Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew hauing don me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father, being I hope, an olde man, ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vpon your worſhip: and my ſute is———

Lan. In very briefe, the ſute is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhal know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſute,
Shylocke thy maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Prouerbe is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you ſir, You haue the grace of God ſir, and hee hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well. Go Father with thy ſonne,
Take leaue of thy old maſter, and enquire
My Lodging out. Giue him a Liuery
More garded then his fellowes, ſee it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I ha nere a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* haue a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare vppon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune. Go too, heere's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmal trifle of wiues: Alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, eleuen VViddowes and nine maids, is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to eſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, heere are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune bee a woman, ſhee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,

Returne

Returne in haſt, for
My beſt eſteem'd acq
Leon. My beſt end

Gra. Where's you
Leon. Yonder ſir
Gra. Signior *Baſſ*
Baſſ. *Gratiano*?
Gra. I haue a ſute
Baſſ. You haue o
Gra. You muſt n
Baſſ. Why then
Thou art too wilde,
Parts that become t
And in ſuch eies as o
But where thou art
Something too lib'r
To allay with ſome
Thy skipping ſpirit,
I be miſconſtred in
And loſe my hopes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſ*
If I do not put on a ſ
Talke with reſpect,
Weare prayer book
Nay more, while G
Thus with my hat,
Vſe all the obſeruan
Like one well ſtudie
To pleaſe his Grand
Baſſ. Well, we ſh
Gra. Nay but I ba
By what we do to
Baſſ. No that we
I would entreate yo